



SHORTER -THINGS-

An Anthology of
Two-Sentence
Ghost Stories

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HOFERSTRA UNIVERSITY HONORS COLLEGE

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2016

Contest Winners

Fog emerged from behind the stack of books and a deep, rumbling voice proclaimed, "I am the ghost of student debt and I will never go away!" The students fainted.

Matthew "Phineas" Lish

When I was eight I lived in a big house with my mom, dad, dog, and imaginary friend Robert who would play with me in my room. We moved when mom came up one day and saw Robert too.

Katelyn Quinones

Every night, my husband holds me close in bed, his hot breath tickling my neck, his arms wrapped around my waist. So why is everyone saying they're sorry for my "loss?"

Gabriela De Sousa

There are creatures in this world so horrid that I do not have the words to explain. A perfect of example of this would be the one standing directly behind you.

Allison Wolf

We didn't catch a glimpse of the beginning did you think we'd see the approach of our last moments? All we can hope for is to leave behind monuments, or memories, or ghosts.

William Ketter

He waits for you in his wrinkled, pale white skin that's as tight as a drum with two slight deficits where the eyes should be. When you find out that his eyes are in the center of his bloody hands, surrounded by black, grimy fingernails, it becomes the last thing you ever see.

Jake Haney

She was backed up into a closet, breathing hard, a gun pointed at the door. "Mommy?"

Ameera Iftekhar

I believed that I went to a school of ghosts because some people would float right through me and wore really strange clothes. It was not until I found a newspaper with my death from a car crash, that I realized I was the ghost.

Zainab Naqvi

Beyond the Reflection

It stroked my hair and caressed my face with a disgusting relish, as though it hadn't felt human skin in ages and enjoyed the texture on its newly acquired hands. With a victorious smile cast towards the mirror, it turned away as I gazed in horror from the other side and began to weep as the chill of an unknown world folded around me.

—Grace Ackman

I willed for it to stop functioning--its inevitable, predictable and now painful pulsations are scarring my body's insides, lamentably reminding me that *I am still here*. No matter how hard I strangled it to keep still, my heart kept on beating.

—Billy Schimmel

Everything is dark, I scream, I thrash as if caught in a terrible nightmare. Why is this coffin so small and buried so deep?

—Alexi Cohen

The girl would always stick around, despite my former charges pleading with her to leave. I can deal with the annoyance though; their bodies have done wonders for the lilies.

Penelope Ramos

He glimpsed her behind him in the mirror, slender as the thin thread of steam from a kettle. But when he turned and kissed her she felt like the cold condensation on a glass.

Alice Gunther

I opened the door to my room, and I saw myself there, sleeping, and then I went to the bathroom, where I was sitting in the tub, bleeding. I tried to shake off what I thought was a hallucination by washing my face, but when I looked in the mirror, all I saw was the washcloth hanging on the wall behind me.

Zain Farooqui

Jack quickly turned the corner that Halloween with his life spared after having escaped the disguised meat packing industry. Jack could feel the rush of epinephrine soaring throughout the course of his body as he heard the ghost of young Tabitha, the girl he accidentally hit and run last September 2015 whisper, "Jack.. Jack.. Come back or I will rip out your little brother's liver, then slowly eat his spleen, his aorta, and wrap his neck around his own small intestine; suddenly, Jack turned to face his fate like a broken boy.

Anthony Rizzuto Jr.

After a long day, I come home alone and retreat to a hot shower. The steam fills up the room, fogging up everything except for the dragged out palm prints on the mirror.

Hayley Do

The last pure man on earth was resisting the urge to give in, to give up, to become a zombie. With no other options in sight, he took a deep breath and did what everyone before him had already done- he made a Twitter account.

Brandon Crofts

I saw my dad dragging my mom's head and walking to me with smile. Suddenly my head was reflected by mom's blood on the ground.

Hao Dong

I had a nightmare about this once

I took my razor into the bathroom to do my daily routine. Oh, how I love the taste of iron, and the feel of steel against my

Robert D Watson

Sorry that I wandered off, daddy. Mom was in the graveyard and wanted to tell me she misses me.

I still cry when I think of my stillborn children. And sometimes, right when I'm falling asleep, I hear them crying too.

When dad came back from war mom said he might be different. She didn't tell me there'd be other people following him home.

Justin Cabot-Miller

Rising from her lifeless corpse, he quickly turned to see her in the doorway. Brandishing a knife, she grinned and said, "I will never leave you."

Raymond Soeun

Once upon a time, Trump became president. America's diversity was murdered and the world crumbled. The end.

Jourden LLOYD

All day, I sit and think in my tiny crowded space, awaiting for my sweet delight at night. To a scary monster, there is nothing quite as satisfying as giving an unexpected child a true fright.

Emily Hulbert

He told her to hurry up, rasping on the steel door. The only response was the faint rocking of a chair on the other side.

Victoria Snak

Feigning confidence, my sightless eyes stare on whilst I hold my breath and step outwards across that gloomy, cold, and unseen room, and what I wonder is that warm and gentle hand that now slides its grip about my own? It leads, although it does not tug, and by its guide I feel my path begin to swerve...

Jimmy Wegeng

He wakes up to the sound of the television set. Comatose for a year and a half the man watches in confused horror from his hospital bed as the candidates for POTUS take to the stage for their final debate.

Daniel Nguyen

Fear is a tool we use to trap the living in their minds. Fear is power fueled by the soul being sucked from their lives.

Nirvana Appadu

Driving home from long day at work, I switch on the radio to ease my mind. Checking the rear-view mirror, the reporter announces another body was discovered in a hijacked car, and that's when a warm breath hit my neck and a cold knife punctured my skin.

Isabella Macallister

"Today is Wednesday November 9th, 2016. She didn't win."

Kristal Castaneda

"Mother, can you turn on the lights?" The woman had no children.

As the sun set, the little girl unpacked her clothes into the empty wardrobe. When she closed it, there was a knock from inside.

The walls creaked and groaned, but Mary's mother told her it was just the house "settling in." So how long would it be until the house had settled and stopped whispering for her to come play in the attic?

They told her that there was nothing in the dark but her imagination. She wished her cold, cold imagination would let go of her ankle.

Sharon Rus

"Oh man," he breathed, and though she knew what she would see - besides the hot stare of the hastily commissioned desk lamp, besides the expected clammy expanse of her skin, now parted open as slick and open-mouthed as a pair of lips to reveal the bloody cobwebs beneath it - she couldn't help but look down anyway. She looked down and clamped her mouth tight, trying to hold back the gorge at the sight of flayed skin, sliced through veins and something more, dark and pulsing as it wound its way through her flesh.

Hebah Uddin

I woke with the muffled morning sun filtering through my windows, rolled over, and embraced my husband Allen sleeping next to me. Suddenly the alarm on my phone went off; the subject: "Allen's Funeral."

I felt the cold fingers of my sister on my back. I snapped my head around to catch her in the act, but she was sitting across the room, reading a book.

Noah Smith

I'm home alone, watching television, and I sneeze. A gravely voice from the closet murmurs "gesundheit".

She ran her fingers through her shampoo-soaked hair, while the shower whistled. She heard a noise, yanked the shower curtain back, and saw a large, menacing, green hand slide around the corner of the door frame and flick the lights off.

Nicholas Ciccone, (Hofstra Alum)

How about one phrase? “Donald J. Trump, President of the United States.”

Dr. Paul Fritz, Associate Professor of Political Science

The haunted house was so effective, half the customers died from fright. The creator was told by the board of Horror Incorporated to “tone things down a bit.”

Dr. Scott Harshbarger, Associate Professor of English

“I ain’t afraid of no Ghost,” she said. But after one took her sandwich from the office fridge every day that week, she was.

Grabbing the pale little girl by the hand, the secretary called out “Whose Ghost is this?” to everyone in the waiting room. “She looks just like you,” the boy next to me observed, and when I saw that he was right, I raised my hand.

Dr. Vimala C. Pasupathi, Associate Professor of English and Associate Dean of Honors College



HAPPY
HALLOWEEN